

to have and to hold by FateChica

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Summary:

It's been an hour since Mike and El exchanged their vows in front of their family and friends and, for the first time since becoming husband and wife, the newlyweds take the time to have a moment alone.

to have and to hold

Author's Note:

- For [Janaynay](#).

I've had the idea for this particular one-shot for "love's missing moments" since about May or so? It was inspired by a Tumblr anon who sent me an ask saying that Mike would *totally* cry at his and El's wedding. And when I answered saying that I totally wanted to write a one-shot that takes place right after when they finally get a moment alone, my darling Janna egged me on, encouraging me to write this.

So, I'm dedicating this to you, Janna my love. Thank you so much for being a wonderful friend and a beautiful person and just the most supportive cheerleader I could ever ask for.

“Just so you know, this is *literally* your last chance to back out.”

“Oh my god, *Dustin*, shut the fuck up.”

“What, *Maxine*? I'm just saying. Our two favorite lovebirds may have promised themselves to each other in front of everyone, but it's not legally binding until they sign it.”

“You know, you're literally the *only* person who doesn't have to be in this room right now.”

Mike's really glad Will is the one who just spoke up. Because he was about to tell Dustin to fuck off.

And he *really* doesn't want to tell off one of his best friends on his wedding day.

Dustin gasps. “You would kick me out? On this auspicious day? But I'm *essential*.”

“Essential how? You’re not the officiant *or* one of the witnesses,” Lucas says with a roll of his eyes. “So do like Max says and shut the fuck up.”

“But-”

“Dustin, *stop*.”

Dustin’s mouth snaps shut and, from the look on his face, Mike can tell that it’s not at all his choice.

Smiling, Mike turns just a little to look over at El, his heart skipping several beats at the sight of her standing next to him, radiant and beautiful in her wedding dress, just the most beautiful woman he’s ever seen and ever will see. The skin around her eyes and the corner of her lips is *maybe* a little tight, the only sign that she’s using her powers. But El’s so strong now that Mike only can tell because he’s known her so long and has seen her use her powers so many times.

But, to everyone else, including the rest of the Party, his wife just looks somewhere between faintly amused and a little exasperated.

Mike’s breath catches in his throat. *Holy shit, his wife.*

It’s been an hour, if that, since he and El exchanged their vows, an hour filled with hugs and congratulations and So Many Pictures (Mike swears he can still see the after-image of the flash going off and he wonders, mostly jokingly, if it’s permanent).

And, the entire time, Mike hasn’t been able to stop feeling like he’s in the middle of the most wonderful dream and he has to stop from pinching himself just to make sure that this is real. Because he and El are *married* and it’s literally all he’s ever wanted.

Or, rather, they’re *mostly* married. Which is what they’re taking care of right now...or *trying* to, at any rate. Now that the official pictures are mostly done and taken, they finally have the time to handle the least sexy part of getting married: signing the marriage license.

Technically speaking, Mike and El only need the officiant and the two witnesses in the room, roles traditionally played by the Best Man and Maid of Honor. But, since the officiant is Will and Max and Lucas are

the witnesses, they decided to pull Dustin in the room as well. Because it felt mean to not include him and, well, if Mike's being honest about this, the Party has been together for *everything* and leaving out one member just feels wrong.

So, now the Party is in the dressing room where El got ready before the wedding, standing around a small table with the marriage license sitting on top of it, Mike and El each with a pen in hand ready to sign in the presence of their witnesses to make it officially official.

But now, Mike's kinda, sorta regretting pulling Dustin into the room since he seems he's going to be a little shit about this whole thing.

But Dustin *also* looks both panicked and contrite, giving El a wide-eyed stare that somehow manages to get across both emotions while also looking a little peeved that she's effectively sewn his mouth shut.

El, Mike says with a mental laugh, reaching out for her through the connection that's as much a part of him as any of his limbs, *or his heart*.

The mental ghost of El's giggle brushes along inside of his mind and Mike has to hold back a shiver at just how happy everything about this makes him. *Mike*, she says with the same tone, playfully chiding, and he can *feel* just how happy she is by the way her voice fills his thoughts.

You can probably let him go now. I think he looks sorry enough.

Alright. But only because you're so pretty and you asked so nice.

But El doesn't let go, not quite yet. Instead, she level a look at Dustin before speaking out loud. "Dustin, you can stay in the room if you promise to behave. Can you do that? For me?" There's a pout in her voice as she finishes asking and Mike feels a pang in his heart at the sweetness of her request. *Hell*, it's not even directed at him and he's ready to do whatever she asks.

(Not like he wouldn't anyway, but *still*...)

So, it's no surprise when the look on Dustin's face turns soft and sorry under the full force of El's imploring words. He nods and, a second

later, opens his mouth, working his jaw. "Sorry, El," he says a beat later.

El smiles at him and shrugs, one bare shoulder lifting gracefully. "It's ok. Just behave, alright?"

"I will," Dustin says, 100% meaning it.

Max heaves out a sigh that is completely at odds with the way she's dressed and dolled up. "Oh thank *god*. Come on, let's get this done. The bar's opening soon and I want to avoid the line."

Lucas gives her a look that has Mike struggling to hold back laughter. "Oh, so I take it *I'm* driving us back to my parents' house, then?"

"Please, like I'd deny you the ability to get pissed drunk on our best friends' wedding. There are these things, Lucas, called cabs? Don't know if you've heard of them? But they're these *magical* things where if you can't drive yourself somewhere for whatever reason, you just call and *someone* picks you up to take you to your destination." Max says, eyes sparkling as she teases her boyfriend.

"God, *why* do I love you again?"

Max waggles her eyebrows. "You wanna have a conversation about our private life here? In front of our friends? Wow, Stalker, you are *kinky*."

Lucas startles, face heating up, but everyone else groans as Max starts laughing. "Ok, ok, *please*, can we just sign this damn license?" Will asks. "And enough with the sex talk. I *really* don't need to be thinking about hetero sex right in this moment. Especially not with these two next to me," he says, pointing at Mike and El with his thumb.

Mike grins. "Hey, it's not my fault your sister finds me irresistible."

"This is true, I do," El says. She leans to look over at Will, who's standing on the other side of Mike. "I can describe just *how* irresistible I find him, if you'd like, Will." She's trying to tamp down on her smile, but mirth is written across every inch of her face and Mike thinks she's never looked more beautiful.

"I hate you," Will says, voice flat and resigned. "I hate all of you."

Dustin reaches over and punches Will lightly on the shoulder with a snort. "Yeah, *that's* a crock of shit. Care to try again, dear Cleric?"

Will rolls his eyes and sighs, a smile breaking through. "Ok, I guess you guys are alright, I suppose." He looks around at the rest of them, eyebrows raised just slightly. "So, are we gonna do this or what?"

Once they get down to it, it doesn't take them long to sign the marriage license – a couple of minutes, at most – and after, Lucas gathers up the paperwork, putting it into an envelope they brought with them for this purpose. "I'll make sure this gets dropped off while you guys are on your honeymoon," Lucas says, nodding over at El and Mike.

"Great, thanks Lucas," El says, sighing.

"Yeah, man, we owe you one," Mike chimes in. Honestly, there's no one Mike would rather trust with to make sure his and El's marriage license gets recorded properly while they're in Hawaii on their honeymoon than Lucas.

*(also, holy shit, the **honeymoon**. they're spending a week and a half in hawaii before he and el come back for thanksgiving and mike's almost never been more excited for anything ever. it's just going to be him and el, wearing very little or absolutely no clothing, having nothing to do besides just **be** together and he's so excited, he can hardly wait. and he has so many plans, many of them involving them never leaving their bed, that it's almost overwhelming.)*

And, with that, everyone starts making motions towards heading out to join up with the rest of the guests for the cocktail hour before the reception, but Mike reaches out and grabs El by the wrist just as she starts to turn to walk for the door. *Hold on*, he tells her before speaking out loud. "Hey, go on ahead, you guys. We'll be out in a sec," Mike says to the others.

The other four turn to look back at him. "Everything ok?" Will asks.

Mike glances down at El, who's staring up at him curiously, but

happily. “Just...want a moment alone with my wife, if that’s not too much to ask.”

The others exchange a look even as Mike’s heart does a series of acrobatics in his chest at getting to call El his wife. “Alright, but no defiling this room, young man,” Dustin says, winking.

“Oh, shut *up*,” Max says as she pushes Dustin out the door. “God, you are *such* an asshole sometimes. And coming from *me*, that’s saying something....” The door shuts behind them, the sounds of their voices fading as they walk down the hallway.

And then, for the first time that day, especially since saying their vows, Mike and El find themselves alone.

Mike breathes a sigh of relief at the quiet that surrounds them. It’s been non-stop all day, it feels like, all overwhelming emotion and anticipation and now he can let that all fade away. He looks down at El, butterflies taking flight in his stomach at the sight of her looking back up at him, shining brighter than all the stars in the sky, so beautiful he almost can’t take it. *Hi*, he says, throat too tight with emotion to speak out loud.

It’s starting to hit him, now, *really* hit him – they’re *married*, ‘til death do they part, forever and ever. She’s always going to be his and he’s always going to be hers, just how it’s been since the moment they met, and Mike knows he’s doing a horrible job keeping his emotions in check, that he’s broadcasting them to her loud and clear.

El smiles up at him, a thin sheen of happy tears in her eyes as she stares up at him with joyful wonder. *Hi*, she returns as she steps towards him, eliminating the distance between them. He reaches for her – because he can’t *not* – and she goes into his arms as easy as breathing. El’s arms come up to drape over his shoulders, hands clasped behind her neck, while his hands go to her waist, the thick brocade of her dress soft and warm beneath his palms.

There’s no need for words – there never are with the two of them – as they lean in towards each other, lips meeting in a soft, slow kiss that feels like *everything*, a promise kept, the next step of their journey together. His breath hitches in his chest at the feel of her lips moving

sweetly against his, soft and open and *glorious*.

Love you, he whispers, unable to break away to say the words properly, letting *everything* he's feeling pour into the thought. So *much*.

Love you, too. Always. The force of her emotions, returned to him through their connection, hit him like a physical blow and tears begin to burn behind his closed eyelids. Mike can't help it. He loves her so much and she loves him back just as much and he'll never, *ever* begin to understand how he got so lucky. But he *does* know that he's never going to let her go for as long as he lives.

El pulls away and Mike only realizes he's *actually* crying when her hands come up to cradle his face, thumbs brushing along his cheeks, the moisture of his tears spreading across his skin and cooling his face. "Hey," she breathes, voice wavering a bit. "Remember what you told me about crying? That if I cry, you cry? Works both ways here."

Mike lets out a laugh and he lifts a hand from her waist to wipe away his tears. "Sorry, I'm just..." He trails off in a sigh, words completely failing him for one of the only times in his life. How to put into words just how happy he is, just how much he loves her? He could search forever and Mike knows he'll never find the right words.

Luckily, for him, El doesn't need him to try. She just *gets* him in a way that no one else does. So she smiles up at him and lowers her hands so she can wrap her arms around him, her head turning so she can press her ear just above his heart. "I know," she whispers. "Me too."

Mike holds her close for a moment, soul singing with her closeness, with the feel of her in his arms, before his hands reach up for hers behind his neck, pulling them down so their hands are clasped together between them as he pulls her towards one of the plush couches a few feet away. He sits down and El follows, her weight settling easily onto his legs as she sits across his lap. He can look her straight in the eye this way and Mike takes a moment to marvel at her, at the soft beauty of her face, the luscious honey-brown of her hair, half of it pinned up in a loose bun while the rest is allowed to spill freely down her back and shoulders in loose waves.

Mike reaches for her again, one hand coming up so he can trail his fingers through her hair while the other presses against the small of her back. And he *cannot* look away, can't tear his gaze away from hers, not even to save his life. "God, do you know how *beautiful* you are?"

El blushes prettily and lets out a sighing giggle, glancing down at her lap for a brief moment before looking back up at him with gently teasing eyes, a smile playing at the corner of her lips. "You may have mentioned it once or twice," she says, one eyebrow arching playfully.

Mike can't help the way he lets out an incredulous snort. "Once or twice'," he repeats under his breath. "*Right.*" 10 years, they've been together and Mike's lost count of the number of times he's told her just how pretty, beautiful, *gorgeous* she is. Because she is absolutely the most stunning creature on the face of this planet.

El presses a hand over his heart, her touch soothing through the thick fabric of his dress shirt. "Well, for what it's worth, you're pretty handsome yourself. I really like this tux on you, by the way." Her other hand comes up to smooth over his shoulder, through the wool of his jacket.

"Yeah?" Mike asks, smiling. "Hmm, maybe I'll wear them more often then, since you seem to like them so much."

El giggles. "Will you learn how to tie a bowtie, then?" she asks, cheeks dimpling with the smile that graces her lips.

Mike arches an eyebrow at her. "Just so you can untie it later, you mean? And ruin all my hard work? No, you want me to wear a bowtie again, you'll have to tie it around my neck *yourself.*"

El huffs out a sigh. "*Fine,*" she says, all but grumbling. "Make me do *everything*, why don't you?"

Mike laughs before a thought occurs to him, one that has him sighing as a thrill runs through him. "Happy anniversary, by the way." It's 10 years to the day since she came back to him, since their life together started, and he'll always be grateful to whatever higher power up there let her walk back in through that door, back to *him*.

"Happy anniversary," El says with a smile. "I think you outdid yourself this year on the anniversary gift."

"You, too," Mike says. "Convenient, too, how our wedding anniversary and dating anniversary are suddenly the exact same day."

"Hmm, *very*," El says. "It's almost like we planned it, or something," she says with a wink, a giggle bubbling below the surface.

"Or something," Mike says, leaning in so he can press a soft kiss against her lips. "Should we go back out, do you think?" They've been holed up in here for a little while and Mike knows that, sooner rather than later, someone (i.e. *his mother*) is going to come looking for them.

El lifts a hand so she can run her thumb along the skin just above his jawline, her fingers pressing lightly against the side of his neck. "In a minute. This is nice, just you and me. Quiet. I like having my husband hold me."

El leans in, kissing him this time of the other way around, and Mike lets out a soft sigh as a gentle thrill runs down his spine, the words *my husband* swirling around in his brain with ecstatic happiness. It doesn't seem to matter how many times she's kissed him, because kissing her always, *always* feels a little bit like the first time – thrilling and exciting and like coming home, all at the same time.

He pulls away after a bit and leans in to press his forehead against hers. "Ok, we'll stay here. As long as you want."

"Good," El says, nuzzling his forehead with hers. "I love you," she whispers.

"I love you, too," Mike says, whispering it back, heart feeling so, so full.

He's not sure how long they're going to sit there, and he doesn't really care. The rest of the wedding can go on without them for all he cares. For the moment, he's content to just *be* with her, holding her close. And, even though he knows they're going to have to leave this

room eventually, it's enough to just to have her in his arms, to feel her close to him.

Because, at the end of the day, all he needs is her. And that will *always* be enough.

Author's Note:

im not crying ur crying

(honestly, how do these two always get me so *overwhelmed*???? i just can't help but marvel at it. it's not natural, i say.)